

# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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## THE KING'S PICTURE.

The King from his council chamber  
Came weary and sore of heart.  
And he called for Hitt, the painter,  
And spelt to him thus, apart:  
"I am sick of faces ignoble,  
Hypocrites, cowards and knaves;  
I shall shrink to their shrunken measure,  
Chief slave in a realm of slaves!"

"Paint me a true man's picture,  
Noble and wise, and good;  
Dowered with the strength of heroes  
And the beauty of womanhood,  
It shall hang in my inmost chamber,  
And thither when I retire,  
It shall fill my heart with its grandeur  
And warm with its sacred fire."

So the artist painted the picture,  
And it hung on the palace wall;  
Never a thing so goodly  
Had graced that stately hall.  
And the king, with head uncovered,  
Gazed on it in rapt amazement,  
Till, suddenly, with strange meaning  
It baffled his questioning gaze.

The form was his supplest courtier's,  
Perfect in every limb;  
But the bearing was that of the henchman  
Who filled the flagons for him;  
The brow was the priest's, who pondered  
His parchments early and late;  
The eye was the wandering minstrel's  
Who sang at the palace gate.

The lips, half sad half mirthful,  
With a fitting, tremulous grace,  
Were the lips of a fair flower-seller  
Who sat in the market-place;  
But the smile that their curves transfigured  
As a rose with its summer of dew,  
Was the smile of the wife who loved him,  
Queen Eleanor, good and true.

Then "Learn, O king," said the painter,  
"The truth that the picture tells:  
In every form of the human  
Some hint of the highest dwells.  
And searching each living temple  
For the place where the veil is thin,  
We may catch, by beautiful glimpses,  
The form of the god within."

## BACK FROM THE GRAVE.

Standing at the foot of a tall pine tree in the sunny southland, was a young girl beautiful to look upon, but sad of heart and utterly broken by grief and remorse. In her hand was a bunch of lilies, pure and white, but not much whiter than her pale face, nor the hands that held them. Her great black eyes, from which the tears fell silently and slowly, chasing each other down her cheeks, gazed with a far-away look on a mould, grass-covered and green with the rain and sun of spring. But the eyes saw not except that which memory mirrored before them.

She raised the lilies tenderly to her quivering lips, and kneeling, placed them lovingly upon the mound, above the heart of him, who, cut down in the flower of early manhood, by war's cruel mandate, would feel no more of love or hate, or joy or sorrow on this earth. "My love, my love!" she cried aloud in her anguish, "and I was so cruel to you, and now you are lying here dead—dead!—and I have only the memory of an angry, bitter parting."

She put both hands over her face, and her frame shook with emotion. She was sobbing now with all the sweet and bitter recollections of the past year flooding in upon her.

She stood again, an eager, happy Southern girl, on the magnolia-scented veranda of the old home, and watched, with impatient gaze, the winding road down which must come her big, lazy, good-natured brother, Dick, and his Northern college chum, whom she has never seen. Joyously she bounded down the path to meet them. And what a royal welcome it was! How Charlie Enderly did envy his big friend such a sister, and the next moment mentally congratulate himself that she was his friend's sister and not his.

They were happy days after that. Big, careless, lazy Dick, with not a thought save Southern ease, to which he had been reared from childhood, found the responsibility of the vast estate, which had been left to him and his sister, too much of a burden on his leisure, and he prevailed upon his friend to remain and take the care off of his hands, at a better salary than Charlie had ever dared to hope his law practice would give him in his Northern home for a long time to come.

The salary was not the only inducement that decided Charlie Enderly to remain and be adopted into the family of a sister State. The dark, rich beauty of this Southern girl had done its work, and he would have renounced more than his childhood ties for the luring prospect of her love.

There was no thorny path to walk over—that is, not at first. She fell as readily as he and as deeply in love, and the whole affair could have not been more acceptable to her big brother. What could be

better than that his bonny little sister and his best friend should love each other and should marry. He was glad of it, and proud of it, and he sanctioned the choice with a heartiness that dispelled all doubt.

And then followed blissful days for them, but anxious days for many a fearful North and South. Rumors of open rebellion and forced submission were rife, and finally the hot Southern blood of Dick's sister and her patriotic loyalty to State were fired, and she developed into a most uncompromising little rebel. He, however, with cooler judgment, foresaw the sacrifices of war, and earnestly protested against sentiments of secession. And then came the news that Sumpter was fired upon and active hostilities commenced, and with a sad heart Charlie Enderly watched the excitement which prevailed, although all about him was joyous excitement.

Jack was recruiting a regiment to repel invasion, and Virginia—loyal to the State of her birth, and for which she was named—clapped her hands and wished that she, too, was a man that she might draw her sword in its defense.

Grave and sad was Charlie, and he shook his head when she urged that he make one among the fast filling ranks.

"No," he said, earnestly. "My duty is plain. Much as I regret the circumstances which compel it, even you, little girl, would not have me forget honor in the hour of my country's need. Nor would you respect me were I to fail now in my duty to help defend that flag—our common flag—which has waved and must continue to wave over us all."

"Would you raise your hand against my people, Dick? My brother—against me?" she asked, hotly.

"If that be duty, then I must," he replied, gravely.

White to the very lips, she took off his ring and threw it at him.

"Go!" she said. "Never let me look upon your face unless it be your dead face, again."

She hardly knew what she was saying, so great was her wrath. In this hour of her disappointment, she only felt that he, the man she loved, who loved her, or claimed to, was willing to let his duty stand before her love; and had he not said he would be an enemy to even her for his flag's sake? He tried to soften the meaning of his words, but she would not listen. She covered her ears with her hand, and stamped her foot in her rage.

"Go!" she repeated. "You are not worthy. I do not want to hear or see you again." And she rushed off to the house, leaving him alone where they had stood together, hanging over the gate between two magnolia trees, just then in sweetest bloom. But he knew it not. All the sweetness seemed suddenly to go out of his life.

An hour later, when parting with Dick before starting for the North, there were unshed tears in the eyes of both, and each offered a silent prayer that they might never be brought face to face on the field of battle.

Virginia, too proud to make any outward sign of sorrow or regret, sought to crush her love by diving into the excitement of the times in real earnest, and assisting in everything attendant upon the departure of so many of the young men, who formed the troop of which her brother was the commander.

Erect and proud she stood to wave them off, and with a cheery "God speed you!" that was an example of patriotic bravery to the many weeping wives and mothers and sisters assembled. And then, with that touch of womanliness which makes the sex dear, and from which the bravest matron of old Rome was not free, she sought the seclusion of her own room, and found relief in tears.

Dashing Col. Dick and his planned raiders were soon the talk of both armies. Attaching themselves especially to no particular command, they were the dread of Northern skirmishers and swooped down, with incredible swiftness, on many detachments of foragers, and harassed the main lines of the Army of the Potomac with a persistency that became unbearable. Soon an organized effort was put forth to crush them.

For this duty the gallant Col. Enderly was selected, and given command of a picked troop of the bravest of the Northern cavalry. A company of the best-mounted men was sent off in advance to locate the daring foe, and to draw them on by a slow retreat, when the main detachment was expected to close in and finish the work in short order.

The plan was well conceived and promised success, but that very day new arrivals swelled the enemy's ranks to twice the number figured upon, and the attacking party found themselves surprised and engaged in one of the fiercest and bloodiest combats of the war, against greatly superior numbers.

It was largely a sabre battle, and the two troops dashed at each other with a mad fury that sent many a horse and rider to the ground. Those who could do so rose up to fight again on foot. Horses neighed, and plunged and fought with all the madness of the men; and the clashing steel, the hoarse yells, and here and there the sharp report of a pistol, made a deafening din, of which the participants were utterly unmindful, in their eagerness to win the day.

At the first crash of the impetuous onslaught, both leaders went down, and both were soon up again, sabre in hand, ready to meet his foe. Dick Pemberton was just in time to warn off a furious cut aimed at his head, and then he saw and recognized the features of his friend Charlie Enderly. There was no friendly look in the blue eyes he knew so well—nothing but fierce hate and a determination to cut him down as ruthlessly as the veriest stranger. It was no time for words. He was forced to defend himself with all his skill, the swift-falling blows and quick thrusts giving him all he could do.

And then one of his men, noting his predicament, and thinking to relieve him, fired a shot, and his gallant antagonist fell.

Down on his knees beside his fallen foe went Dick Pemberton, and, as he raised the drooping head tenderly, he implored just one look of recognition or some message of love for his sister, but none came—Col. Enderly was dead.

The tide of battle rolled away quickly, as it had begun. The field belonged to Col. Dick's men, but it was a dearly bought victory. Many of the flower of his plumed raiders lay ghastly and stark on the trampled sward. He made little out of this. His friend was dead—dead almost by his own hand. He did not think of him as a foe—only as his friend—and he was dead. His grief was the first weakness of his men had ever seen, but many of them knew the reason for it and respected his sorrow.

But what was he to do? How tell his sister, who, despite her show of outward unconcern, he knew to be sore of heart and bitterly remorseful of her hasty dismissal?

Finally he decided to send a swift riding courier to break the sad news gently to his little Virginia, while he himself followed on with the body, to bury it on the sunny slope where grew the tall and stately pine—the landmark for miles around.

His sister's face, from which all the rich color had fled, and her dry tearless eyes, that roved in dumb anguish from his face to the dead form of her best-loved, were agony to him, and he stole from duty several days after the burial to help her bear her sorrow.

That was two years ago, and every day since first they laid him there had she come, rain or shine, with her taken of love, to breathe a prayer for forgiveness.

Lee had surrendered, and the dove of peace was once again settling down on a devastated but reunited land. In her heart, from which the fierce rebellious fires of early State loyalty had departed long ago, she knew that it was well.

Slowly her senses came back to the present, and she arose, dried her eyes, and turned to go away. With a cry she stopped and stood trembling, for there before her stood the apparition of him who was sleeping beneath the mound where her lilies lay. She feared lest she was suddenly bereft of reason.

"Don't be afraid of me, little love," he said. "I'm a live

enough ghost, if you do think the grave has given up its dead."

At the sound of his familiar voice she rushed into his arms, stretched out to welcome her, and with a happy beating heart, nestled close in his embrace.

"Well, you see," he explained later on, "it was not me who was killed and buried in the grave, you have cared for so tenderly and long, but my cousin Tom. We were always take for twin brothers. Poor Tom," he continued, half sadly, "if he knew of your faithful service, he will miss it now."

"Oh, no," she said quickly. "He will find two to lay flowers where one has placed them heretofore on his grave. I have received back my dead."

## A Negro's Gratitude.

A wealthy slave-owner of the cotton belt entered the Southern army, fought bravely and brilliantly, and died in one of the closing battles of the war. His widow was left penniless, with large plantations encumbered with mortgages, and a hundred or more emancipated negroes who had ceased to be her property.

Her business affairs were mismanaged by agents and lawyers, and she lost one plantation after another. Her health failed, and in her old age she became wholly dependent upon one of her former slaves.

This negro was grateful to her for having given him a start after the war. Learning from experience that she could not manage her plantations successfully, she had rewarded the fidelity of a small group of emancipated slaves by deeding over to them outright small farms. This negro received in this way a farm of twenty-six acres with a cabin.

He prospered from the outset. He made a living out of his ground, and saved every year a little money. In the course of a few years he bought another farm and doubled in his resources. Other purchases followed, until he was truck farmer with considerable wealth.

He did not forget his old plantation mistress in his prosperity. When she had lost all her property, and there was no other friend to take care of her in her old age, this negro rescued her from destitution. He became her most faithful friend.

Both are still living. On the first day of every month the negro farmer draws a check for one hundred dollars, and sends it to the aged lady whose slave he was in his boyhood.

At first she was unwilling to become his pensioner, but he pressed help upon her with tears in his eyes, telling her that he would never have got on in the world if she had not generously aided him by giving him the first farm.

His bounty is now her only resource, and no millionaire in the land is happier than he is when "pay day" comes around, and he can send his check to his kind-hearted "old missis."

The other negroes whom she befriended after the war have been either improvident or ungrateful, but one at least had the energy and thrift required for making him a well-to-do farmer, and the heart to take compassion on a friendless and unfortunate woman who had once been kind to him.

This is a true story, which illustrates the tender feeling sometimes existing between the negro and his former master, and the gratitude which good treatment may inspire even in a despised race.—*Youth's Companion*.

## Boys and Their Playmates.

Don't snub a boy because he wears shabby clothes. When Edison, the inventor, first entered Boston, he wore a pair of yellow linen breeches in the depth of winter.

Don't snub a boy because of the ignorance of his parents. Shakespeare, the world's poet, was the son of a man who was unable to write his own name.

Don't snub a boy because his home is plain and unpretending. Abraham Lincoln's early home was a plain and unpretending log cabin.

Don't snub a boy because he chooses a humble trade. The

author of "Pilgrim's Progress" was a tinker.

Don't snub a boy because of his physical disability. Milton was blind.

Don't snub a boy because of dullness in his lesson. Hogarth, the celebrated painter and engraver, was a stupid boy at his books.

Don't snub a boy because he stutters. Demosthenes, the great orator of Greece, overcame a harsh and stammering voice.

Don't snub him for any reason, not only because he may some day outstrip you in the race of life, but because it is neither kind nor right.

—*New York Recorder*.

## Making Pearls.

Peeling pearls is a little trick which Parisian jewelers have reduced to a science. They will take a pearl which is apparently so imperfect that it is scarcely marketable, and with a skill bordering on the marvelous will peel off the outer layer and develop a lovely gem.

A pearl is made up of layers of "nacre" and animal tissue. The nacre is that beautiful iridescent substance which gives to mother of pearl and the lining of seashells their chief beauty, and it is especially attractive in the pearl oyster. The layers of nacre and animal tissue alternate, so that the skilled jeweler can peel an ugly, discolored pearl and make of it quite another jewel. The tools employed are a sharp knife, extremely delicate files, soft leather and pearl powder. The layer of nacre is hard and difficult to cut, but the pearl renovator chips it off bit by bit, feeling his way with the edge of his knife, for the layer is too thin to be seen by the unaided eye.

In one of the work shops of Chicago is a man who is specially devoted to pearls. He claims that a perfect pearl is the most beautiful of gems, and says that the time is coming when pearls will be fashionable again. He exhibits with some pride a large pink pearl, and said that it had been artificially started. This brought out the fact that in China and Japan pearl oysters are not only cultivated, but are forced to produce pearls.

A pearl is the result of an oyster's efforts to remove a source of irritation. If a grain of sand or some other hard substance finds its way into the shell, the oyster begins coating it with nacre, which gives the irritating intruder a smooth exterior. The oyster deposits nacre over the offending object as long as it remains a source of irritation, and the Chinese have taken advantage of this peculiarity of the solitary mollusk. They make little pellets of earth which has been dried and powdered with the juice of camphor seeds, and during May and June plant these in the oyster. The shell is opened with a mother of pearl knife, care being taken not to injure the oyster, and the earth pills are laid under the oyster's beard. The treated mollusks are then placed in canals and pools and left undisturbed until November, when they are dredged up, opened and the nacre-covered pellets removed with sharp knives. The pellets are usually found fastened tightly to the inner surface of the shells.

The Chinese pearl farmer then turns jeweler. He drills a little hole into the pearl at the place where it was fastened to the shell and removes the dirt. The cavity is filled with yellow rosin and the opening sealed neatly with a tiny bit of mother of pearl.

But a Frenchman has improved on this method. He found that the Chinese killed many oysters by forcing the shell open to deposit the earth pellets. The ingenious Frenchman bored holes in the shells of pearl oysters with a small drill and then introduced through the opening little globules of glass. He plugged the holes with corks and left the oysters alone to manufacture pearls. In six months the glass nucleus was covered with a pearly deposit, and the Frenchman reaped a beautiful harvest of pearls. He did not have to bore holes in the pearls to remove the center, and his product brought higher prices than the pearls made by the Chinese.

These artificial pearls have much of the luster and beauty of the real

gems, but are sold at a much lower rate by honest jewelers. Experts can color pearls black, pink, gray and other colors by the use of chemicals. For instance, a pearl put in nitrate of silver turns black. But pearl raisers know a trick worth two of that. Certain kinds of fresh water mussels bear pink pearls, and pearl oysters produce different colored pearls, according to the part of the oyster which is irritated by the foreign substance. The artificial pearl producer knows this and plants his seed accordingly. In Washington is an artificial pink pearl as large as a pigeon's egg, and its heart is a bit of beeswax.

Perfectly round pearls which weigh over twenty-five grains, each, are scarce and command large prices, but such pearls are natural. Artificial pearls are usually flat on one side.—*Chicago Record*.

## BUFFALO, N. Y.

Mattie, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kowald, was confirmed in St. Michaels Church, (Roman Catholic) on Sunday, May 28th, and in celebration of the event a dinner and tea party was given to which relatives and friends were invited. A large number of deaf-mute friends were present.

Miss Mary Marks, of Indianapolis, Ind., deaf-mute sister of Ray Marks, will be in Buffalo this week.

Alonzo Vernon, brother of C. E. Vernon, has returned to New York City, from where he will go to Norwalk, Conn. That may have occasioned the remark by "Ted" that "Chris," was seen in New York City. "Chris" is in Buffalo, and likely to stay for some time yet.

Albert V. Ballin, with wife and baby, and sister, Marion Ballin are here with brother-in-law Kowald. He with some members of the Kowald family and his own will go to rusticate near "my small pond"—my small lake-like pond," as one generally hears it described.

The mutes here make the Kowald home their stamping ground.

Mr. and Mrs. Kowald are always pleased to see mutes, but do not like the mutes to loaf on the sidewalk talking, but prefer them to get over the garden fence.

On Friday, June 7th, the natal day of Mrs. Jule Kowald, a "Lawn Surprise Party," was given in her honor by the following, who were present: Misses G. E. Maxwell, Ray Marks, Mary Kiefer, Mary Alice Carroll, Tillie Botts, McPhail. Mr. and Mrs. Kowald and daughters, Bella and Mattie, Mr. and Mrs. Conlon, Miss Almada Austin, and Messrs. Hallett, of Niagara, C. E. Vernon, Simon Hirsch, Chas. Voss, J. Schaab. The ladies of the party contributed confectionery and sandwiches, while the gentlemen pawed out the cash for ice-cream and coffee. Four flash light groups was taken, using the Sim's rays instead of magnesium. Before the party went in to clean the table of the goodies, Miss Maxwell proposed to the honor of Mrs. Kowald, but some fellows, who had no such hotel life experience as hers, thought toasts began after the meal. Others agreed, and "Pansy" sat down. Time was short for much playing, as the party began at 5.30, and dispersed at 10 P.M.

Miss Reilly, of Savannah, Ga., a close and intimate deaf-mute friend of Miss M. A. Carroll, will make her home in Buffalo, soon. She keeps the date of her arrival here a secret, so as to give her friend a surprise. Her brother is already in the city.

Miss Almada Austin went a wheeling a few days ago, which almost cost her her lower extremities. She ran into a grocery wagon between the wheels, but the wagon was stopped before she was much damaged. The front wheel of her bike, however, fared worse. She was laid up for two weeks, but is O. K. now, and rides as usual.

We had some "fish tails" from Mr. Ballin, which Messrs. Kowald and Klein swallowed whole.

Mr. Cornelius held church services for mutes at Church of the Good Shepherd on Jewett Avenue near Main St., last Sunday. A large party of mutes assembled at Kowald's on Sunday, about fifteen in number, to renew the acquaintance of Mr. Ballin and also to see the proof of Mr. Hirsch's skill in

photography. The photo-proofs showed very good except in the case of Mr. Voss, who was not able to resist the effect of the magnesium. He closed his eyes. Mr. and Mrs. Ballin's baby was also one of the attractions, and had a favorable comment from every one as to its beauty.

Messrs. Kowald and Klein went fishing at midnight Saturday, and staid till 8:30 in the morning, and besides small fry, they caught a tortoise.

Miss Tillie Botts tipped the scales, and when she saw the dial rise to one hundred and eighty pounds and still rising, she jumped off the scales and refused to be credited with any more pounds. Mr. Voss, who was behind her, had put his foot on the scales and was pressing it with all his might.

We get our JOURNAL on Monday evening here. That's a long time from Thursday. CHRIS.

## A Mohawk Valley Picnic.

The deaf-mutes of Johnstown and Amsterdam will hold a basket picnic at Cayadutta Park, near Fonda on the Fourth of July. All deaf-mutes residing in the Mohawk Valley and tributary territory are cordially invited, and friends from other parts of Central and Eastern New York will be welcome.

Cayadutta Park is on the Cayadutta Electric railway about five minutes ride from Fonda. The fare from Fonda is only five cents. The park is in a picturesque ravine, and has ample pavilions, summer houses, dancing platforms and other conveniences for picnickers. A programme of games and other amusements will be arranged. All are requested to bring their own baskets of provisions, but the committee will make arrangements to provide for those who come from a distance and find it inconvenient to bring their baskets with them.

The trains in the Central are such that all attending the picnic can get home the same evening. The city of Gloversville, a few miles away, will have an elaborate celebration on the Fourth, and all can witness it, and see the centre of the glove-making industry of the country, at a very small expense. The committee consists of J. H. Brown and Leonard Wasserman, of Amsterdam; Ozias Getman, and John Johannis, of Johnstown, and Frank Satterlee, of Little Falls. The committee would be glad if persons intending to be present would notify the committee by postal card. These can be sent to John Johannis, Johnstown, N. Y.

A pleasant day is guaranteed to all who attend the picnic.

## NEW YORK ITEMS.

It is rumored that the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Thomas is sick of typhoid fever. Miss Nevada B. Hutton will spend the summer with her brother-in-law and family, in Middlebush, N. Y., during her parents' absence in England this summer.

The Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes, at Wappingers Falls, N. Y., has received \$3,350 as the first installment of the legacy of \$5,000, bequeathed by the late Captain Babcock, of Richmond, Va.

The fifteen-months-old baby of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Fosmire of New Jersey, died, of meningitis, on Friday, June 7th, and was buried in Greenwood on the following Sunday. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet officiated.

## Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

JUNE.  
15-7.30 P.M., Toledo, with Prof. McGregor.  
16-10.30 A.M., Detroit, Holy Communion and Baptism.  
16-3.30 P.M., Jackson, Service and Baptism.  
16-7.30 P.M., Jackson, Service and Baptism.  
17-Flint, Reunion.  
18-Flint, Reunion.  
19-Flint, Reunion.  
20-Chicago.  
23-10.30 A.M., Holy Communion and Sermon.  
23-3.30 P.M., Evening Prayer and Sermon.  
24-Delavan Reunion.  
25-Delavan Reunion.  
26-Evening, St. Louis, Lecture before the Club.  
30-10.30 A.M., St. Louis, Holy Communion.  
30-3 P.M., St. Louis, Evening Prayer and Sermon.  
30-Evening, St. Louis, probable.

## Rev. Mr. Cloud's Appointments.

JUNE.  
29-Chicago.  
30-Chicago, 10.30 A.M., Holy Communion.  
30-Chicago, 3 P.M., Evening Prayer and Sermon.



# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, JUNE 13, 1895.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 14th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday. It is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

## TERMS.

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## CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, guarantee of publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications. Contributions, subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the

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Station M, New York City.

"He's true to God who's true to man;  
Wherever wrong is done  
To the humblest and the weakest  
Neath the all-beholding sun,  
That wrong is also done to us,  
And love are slaves most base,  
Whose love of right is for themselves,  
And not for all the race."

OUR western contemporary comments upon the difference, in tone and attitude, of "Free Lance" as a correspondent and Mr. White as an editor. The old-time frantic cut-and-slash style of the correspondent has given place to the gentle cooing and sweetly-flavored phrases of the editor, and now before the public he is veritably "as mild a mannered man as ever scuttled ship or cut a throat." Reading any or all of the *Gazette's* editorials, one is amazed to see how completely the erstwhile clamorous expostulation and direful threatenings have been resolved into a spirit of happy and peaceful serenity. After the terror and havoc of battle, it seems like the lull in hostilities, described by Bayard Taylor, when—

"The dark Redan, in silent scorn,  
Lay grim and threatening under,  
And the tawny mound of Malakoff  
No longer belched its thunder."

Possibly all this can be accounted for in the added responsibility felt by one who conducts a newspaper. As a correspondent, others being responsible for what is published, a writer can reel of sentences of seathing indignation, scornful insinuation, and fiery denunciation; but a calm judiciousness is demanded of an editor, and no editor can ever be a success who allows his ardor to transcend his judgment. In one of Shakespeare's plays (we believe "Love's Labor Lost") one of the actors wanted to play the lion, but found objections on the score that he might roar too loud and frighten the ladies. His reply, which evidently enunciates Mr. White's policy as an editor, was: "I will roar as gently as a sucking dove; Oh! I will roar you and 'twere any nightingale."

DURING the past year, a good deal of discussion concerning the adaptability of certain trades to the deaf has occurred in several of the institution papers. The general trend of argument was based upon universal adaptability, without distinction as to locality. The proper method of treating the topic is to confine it to a particular locality. In some communities, there is a demand in certain lines of skilled labor which is totally lacking in other communities. Take tailoring, for instance. While it may seem that clothing must be manufactured in every city, town, and hamlet, a little consideration will convince the skeptical that the same methods of manufacture, the same demand for certain grades and styles of clothing, and the same inducements to employes from a money point of view, do not exist. Tailoring may be a good trade in Philadelphia and a poor one in Minneapolis. Therefore, the fact that in another state it has been proven desirable to continue instruction in tailoring, does not prove that the authorities in the Minnesota Institution were wrong in discarding it. The same system of measuring the values of other trades now being taught in institutions for the deaf, is the proper and only way to form a correct estimate. This matter deserves attention at the coming convention at Flint, Mich., and we hope it will be freely discussed. As the *Register* put it in a recent editorial, it is easier to discontinue a trade than to substitute a better one, and a list of trades suited to the deaf, and capable of being practically operated at an institution for the deaf, would be highly appreciated. Who will get up the list, and indicate the sections to which they are respectively and particularly adapted.

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## WEDDING BELLS.

KEEFE—FLAVIN.

St. Charles church was the scene of a very pretty wedding Tuesday morning, the parties being John T. Keefe, the well known and popular shoe-man, and Miss Katherine A. Flavin, for the past four years an efficient clerk in Wales Cash Store. The ceremony occurred at 9 o'clock, Rev. Fr. Reynolds officiating. Miss Margaret E. Flavin acted as bridesmaid and William J. Hayes as best man. The ushers were Eugene E. Keefe, J. J. Fenton, Dr. J. T. Rudden, and James E. Keefe. Mrs. Adeline Ball played the wedding march. The bride was becomingly attired in a mixed gray and lilac wool dress, trimmed with lilac and a hat to match; the bridesmaid wore green and gray. After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served at the home of the bride on Atkinson Street. Among those present from out of town were Mr. and Mrs. Morris Keefe, Mrs. Fred Martell, and Mr. and Mrs. Michael Keefe, of Turner's Falls, Mr. and Mrs. Morris Shine and Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Waters, of Holyoke, Mrs. James Fitzgerald, of Brattleboro. The presents were numerous and beautiful, and showed the good will and esteem of their hosts of friends. The bride and groom left amid a perfect shower of rice and the usual accompaniments of old shoes and white ribbon, for a wedding trip to New York, Philadelphia and Washington. On their return they will reside on Atkinson Street.—*Times, Bellows Falls, Vt., May 30.*

## Sermon to Deaf-Mutes.

Two services for deaf-mutes were conducted in the chapel of the Trinity Episcopal church yesterday by Rev. Austin W. Mann, of Cleveland, who is the general missionary of the mid-western deaf-mute mission. The service in the morning was the more largely attended, as Bishop Cortlandt Whitehead was present and confirmed three deaf-mute members of St. Margaret's Mission. The Bishop also administered communion to about 40 persons, and the Rev. Mr. Mann preached in sign language, his subject being Whitsunday. He also addressed the confirmed persons for the Bishop.

In the afternoon the subject of the sermon was the ninth commandment, forbidding false witness. To an outsider the gestures by which the silent orator conveyed his thoughts to those watching him were very impressive, though entirely incomprehensible. It could be seen at times that he was waxing emphatic and earnest, from the force which he put into the sweep of his arms and the nimble motions of his fingers. The audience could be seen to follow and understand it all, and in the prayers of the service they took part in rendering responses with their hands.

In explaining his sermon to a *Post* reporter through an interview in writing, Mr. Mann said he had "tried to impress on the people the duty of restraining the tongue in daily intercourse, as often influenced by ill feeling, it indulges in slander and calumny. He condemned hastiness of speech, and advised the careful weighing of words." All the ideas are pictured, and another order is made use of in their presentation than that followed in speaking, he says. The hand alphabet is used in an address to spell names. The possibilities of expression by means of these "pictures in the air," the minister claims, are infinite, far exceeding what it is possible to say by means of words. This claim appeared to obtain some confirmation from the apparent enjoyment of the mutes, who gathered in the pastor's study after the service to converse with the minister, using their rapidly-moving fingers, and their manner giving evidence of the greatest enjoyment.

The Trinity congregation of mutes is known as St. Margaret's deaf-mute mission, and is only one of more than a dozen which Rev. Mr. Mann visits. He comes to Pittsburgh once in six weeks. He is perhaps the most generally known deaf and dumb minister in the world, and has conducted services in London and several other European cities.—*Pittsburg Post, June 3.*

Charles E. Green, of Brooklyn, writes:—"We understand the Union League Club to give an excursion on Thursday, 2d of July, claim that the boat will land at 23 East River. I would like to state, that the dock is closed, and is owned by the ferry company, and is being taken up. It would be better for the club to look into this matter, and not to disappoint the Williamsburg and Brooklyn deaf-mutes, as there will be no landing there."

# ITEMIZER.

## Abbreviated News Concerning Deaf-Mutes.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer.*

The Xavier A. A. team have a very valuable man in Centre Field Hayden. He is a deaf-mute, but his playing speaks for itself.—*N. Y. Sun, June 5, '95.*

Attention is called to the additions made in the Fanwood Quad Club's advertisement on the fourth page of this paper, concerning their fourth summernight festival at Fort Wendel, June 29th.

Nicholas Hanneman, deaf and dumb, of No. 317 Bowers, was run down by a Union News Company wagon early yesterday morning at Bowers and Bleeker Street. Two of his ribs were broken and he was internally injured. He was taken to St. Vincent's Hospital. The driver was arrested.

A deaf-mute named Gracie Sheeps, of Durhamville, N. Y., was attacked by three ruffians at Oneida, N. Y., just out of the village last Saturday night while on her way home. The girl finally broke away from her persecutors, and succeeded in attracting the attention of a neighbor and the villains fled.

## MICHIGAN INSTITUTION CRIPPLED.

Last summer, our Board of Trustees and the officers spent two or three weeks in making a very careful estimate of how much money would be needed to continue this school at its present rate of usefulness, and to provide for the increase in the number of pupils, which the great growth of our State, and the action of the last Legislature, made certain. At that time we did not have the returns of the last State Census, which did not reach Flint till after these estimates were out of our hands. Had these returns been in, we should have certainly asked for much more than we did, for, like every one else, we did not realize how many children of school age there were growing up in ignorance right here in Michigan. Considering the hard times, the Board was very careful not to ask for anything which we could manage to get along without for two years longer, especially in the way of new buildings.

These estimates were afterwards carefully considered by the Board of Corrections and Charities, who at first felt like making a large reduction in the item for current expenses; but after considering the evidence we were able to lay before them, declined to do so.

After this we had two committees, one from the Senate and the other from the House, who were as anxious for economy as any one could be, but they, too, in the face of the evidence that we gave them, only made a reduction of \$2000.

The bill was pending for nearly three months, during much of which it was before the House Committee of Ways and Means, and it was cut down by them almost \$21,500; and though Hon. Charles Holden, of Grand Rapids, chairman of our committee, made a gallant fight to save a few fragments from the wreck, especially the small sum asked to extend the teaching of articulation in this school, the bill passed as reported.

It is needless to say that the estimates could not stand so severe a trimming without serious injury to the school. For years, the cost of instructing a pupil here has never fallen below \$180 a year. It is only a simple example in division for any one to see that, at this rate, \$60,500 will not support 350 pupils, and our present enrollment is 374. Few people think that there is any probability of such a fall in the price of provisions as to enable us to run the school any cheaper, during the coming school year, than it has been in the past.

The question is, what shall we do? With money barely sufficient for 340 children, we have now an attendance much in excess of that number, and over sixty applications for the admission of new pupils, which we have been putting off till next fall. By that time we expect the number of these applications will be at least a hundred; for during the last two summers we have averaged at least sixty applications. As things now stand, it seems as if we could receive only a very few of this large number, simply because we have not the means to feed and teach them and still do justice to those we already have.

For the present, the Board have decided to give the preference to those who are already in school, and who are benefiting by their attendance here; and, if there is still room, to take others in the order in which their applications were received, keeping our numbers for the present at 360. We hope to be able to support this number, but if we find that we are running behind, we shall have to shorten the school year, for we do not feel that we are able to run in debt for current expenses.—*Michigan Mirror.*

## THE DEAF-MUTES.

THEIR INSTRUCTION IN THE CLEVELAND PUBLIC SCHOOLS—EARS THAT HEAR NOT—HOW THE UNFORTUNATE CHILDREN ARE TAUGHT LIP-READING.

From the Cleveland, O., Leader, June 2.

Deaf-mute instruction, as conducted in the Cleveland public schools, may be presented to the people of the city in an interesting exhibition which will probably be given about commencement time. Mr. John Geary, the instructor of the thirty-three children who are being brought into wider communication with their fellows by the aid of the city's educators, desires to obtain the use of one of the large assembly rooms in the control of the city, for the extreme interest of the novel exhibition will doubtless attract a great assemblage of people.

The existence of the deaf-mute school as a part of the public system is not generally known. Public instruction has been given only the last two years, and those who have thus far embraced the opportunity offered constitute but a small part of the total number of those of school age in the city who are deprived of the sense of hearing, and consequently of the power of speech. The number of deaf

## MUTES IN THE CITY

who should be attending school is 135, and in the county the total number of deaf-mutes of school age is 200. Cleveland, according to Mr. Geary, has a larger number of these children in proportion to the population, than any other city in the country.

In America the porportion of those deprived of hearing and voice is one in every 1,500 persons, and it is more prevalent among foreigners than among natives. Among immigrants the number is greatest among the Germans and Swiss, the proportion among the former people being one in every thousand, and in the case of the Swiss one in every 900. The proportion throughout the world in general, as far as can be estimated, is one in every 1,600. The total number of deaf-mutes in the United States is about 40,000.

Many of the deaf-mutes of Cleveland go to school at institutions in Columbus, Detroit, and Buffalo, and nearly half of them do not attend school at all. The Cleveland deaf-mute pupils are all instructed in a room of moderate size in the annex of the school building on the corner of Rockwell and Bond streets. For nearly two years they have received instructions from Mr. Geary alone, but recently his wife has been made his assistant. As Mr. Geary retained his hearing up to the age of fourteen, his enunciation is good, although he does not hear his own voice. The instruction in speech is given by Mrs. Geary. Work more satisfactory to them could be conducted were the number of instructors larger, and this is a real need of the school at present. Mr. Geary states that the number in a class should be no larger than ten. The nature of the instruction makes it necessary that much individual work be done, in fact, class instruction is almost precluded, especially

## IN THE EARLY GRADES.

The force of this fact was impressed upon a *Leader* reporter who spent an interesting hour in the deaf-mute school during class hours one afternoon of last week. Everything about the school is novel. It is different from the average public school room, and of course necessarily so, for the children are different from other children. One feature that seemed to the reporter most striking was the apparent absence of the reserve that characterizes the average public school pupil. It was like going into a home circle, where the stranger is at once adopted. While discipline was all that could be asked, there was a fellowship between teacher and pupil that was delightful to note.

The school tasks did not seem to be work for the little ones who were compelled to use their eyes so intently, although some of the most elementary lessons were extremely difficult. A week is often spent in acquiring a knowledge of one word. But there was an eagerness about the children's manners that told of the keenest enjoyment, and Mr. Geary stated that it is affecting to see a child when he begins to acquire power to express himself somewhat freely. He will talk about everything which he comes in contact, and display the liveliest delight in doing so. Sight is almost always well developed among deaf-mutes, and they are seldom combined. Much depends on it. Even among those inclined to be near-sighted, the eyes are keen. As they must perform double service, they acquire remarkable alertness. Every move and its significance must be instantly perceived.

"They see more in an hour than most people see in a day," remarked Mr. Geary. No shyness was displayed by the pupils on the entrance of the visitor, and he felt that he had been made in a few moments one of their number. As the first grade was brought

## UP TO THE BOARD

for a little exhibition of the first year's work, one of the little girls came forward to shake hands, upon which she offered some remarks to the visitor regarding his appearance. These were expressed in lively and entertaining pantomime. She quickly passed her fingers across her upper lip, and pointed energetically two or three times in the direction of the reporter's moustache. Then she moved her hands over her hair in a manner which caused the young man to think it might be well to straighten his own, and partaking of the freedom of manner of his friends, did so. But through the interpretation of the teacher the reporter learned that the child wished merely to say that the visitor had early hair. With a pencil and slate she then asked the reporter his name. This was written upon a sheet of note paper, and somewhat to the embarrassment of the visitor, it was taken as the text for a lesson by the whole class and written on the walls with various degrees of accuracy, until with many motions of fingers, all errors were eliminated, and somewhat to the relief of the reporter other work was resumed.

When the child first comes to the school he is in possession of no language. He does not even know his own name. Untiring persistence must be exercised for the imparting of the simplest rudiments. In the recitation by the first-year pupils Mr. Geary placed before them a large card bearing the printed names of several familiar objects, and on another he had drawn representations of them. It is desirable that he should have a set of real objects, and also a much larger collection of paintings than that with which the walls are at present adorned. The first step in the teaching of a deaf-mute is to associate in mind the object, its printed name, and the formation of each letter in the name, with the hand. The one-hand system is in common use, and the representation of each letter bears some resemblance

## TO THE PRINTED LETTER

There are two systems of deaf-mute language, the purely manual, in which every communication is spelled, and the combination system, in which both words and signs are used. The latter is that which is used in the Cleveland school. It is believed to be more natural and satisfactory, and also much more easily acquired, for it embraces the system of language which the mute spontaneously adopts.

The pupils of the first grade have by this time made considerable advancement, and could write fairly well. One of the exercises given them was the task of writing on the board what the teacher expressed to them in signs and spelling with the hand. After the conclusion of short pantomimes, these sentences were neatly written on the board: "Homer has a flag. Charlie has a top. Bertha has a bell. Paul has a blue crayon," and others. The fact that one of the little girls wrote the last-mentioned sentences thus: "I have a crayon blue," indicated the thorough work that must be done before the children are given the same advantages as others. But all the labor that is expended on them amply repaid in the satisfaction from a perception of the change wrought in face and manner. Education wonderfully brightens the mute, and the satisfaction felt by the teacher is only a suggestion of the happiness that comes to the child. Without education the mind of the unfortunate undergoes very little development from its condition at birth, and to refuse education to a deaf-mute is practically to consign him to idiocy. They have the same feelings and aspirations as their more fortunate fellows, and the suffering they feel without education is something like that which would be felt by a human mind imprisoned in the body of a domestic animal devoid of the power ascribed to it.

## BALAAM'S MEANS OF TRANSIT.

The pupils of the second year were asked to place their names upon the board, and did so very neatly. Many sentences were correctly written by them, showing good progress. The more advanced pupils are given instruction in arithmetic, grammar, and history, and as the school becomes older other courses will be added.

One miss of fourteen is particularly bright and attractive, and is an example of the good that may be done by early efforts at home. Most parents, however, are at a loss to know how to go about the training of their children should they be afflicted with deafness. The girl mentioned has already acquired good enunciation, under the care of Mrs. Geary, who daily instructs the pupils of all classes in the use of the voice. This is an interesting department of the class work. The method pursued is to pronounce vowels and then other sounds while the pupil carefully watches the position of the lips, and attempts an imitation, which is at first, of course, sadly far from successful. Some idea of the tone is obtained by placing the hand on the teacher's throat as she enunciates the word.

The pupil at the same time places the other hand on his own throat, and endeavors to reproduce a similar vibration. In Massachusetts one instructor has obtained remarkable results by using the back of the hand as a "transmitter," but of course it is a very crude hearing instrument. This has suggested the invention of an instrument to utilize the nerves of ordinary feeling, but as yet no possible results have been reached. In connection with the teaching of speech, Mrs. Geary instructs the pupils in lip reading, which in connection with the power of speech, to a large extent overcomes the affliction of deafness.

Many deaf-mutes have attained eminence as artists, and instruction in drawing is one of the best means of accomplishing their education. Mr. Geary is desirous that as soon as possible an art teacher may be afforded the school, and a kindergarten teacher would be especially suitable to the needs of deaf-mute instruction. With the present accommodations, all of the deaf-mutes of the city who are of school age could not be taught in the public schools.

## DEATH OF MRS. S. A. LEWIS.

A week ago last Saturday Mrs. Lewis, who has been in poor health for some months, went to Monticello, Ind., and was taken to the home of her son-in-law, Mr. C. W. Hosford. A week later she was taken with a sort of stupor, which continued until her death last Tuesday at 4 P.M., paralysis of the right side also setting in Monday night. Her son Charles, of Center Point, arrived a few minutes before her death, but too late to receive any token of recognition.

Emily E. Hill was born October 26th, 1828, at Fabius, New York. September 6th, 1854, she married Samuel A. Lewis at Hartford, Conn., he having two children by a former wife, Mrs. Hosford and Charles. They came to Anomosa about the year 1858, and a son and daughter, Walter and Fannie, were the fruit of this union. They are both dead, Walter having been drowned June 18th, 1874, and Fannie dying April 6th, 1894. An infant son also died in the East. Mr. Lewis, who was a deaf-mute and universally respected, passed away August 14th, 1882.

Mrs. Lewis had suffered quite frequently from hemorrhage of the throat and lungs, but the more immediate cause of her death was pneumonia, complicated with heart disease. She was of a remarkably cheerful disposition, and in spite of all her bereavements, her sickness and infirmity of partial deafness, she maintained a spirit of perpetual vivacity and was a general favorite with all who knew her.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis were members of the Congregational church of this city. Her funeral was held from the church this forenoon at 10 o'clock. Rev. S. F. Millikan officiating. The remains interred in Riverside Cemetery by the side of her husband, daughter and son.

The sermon was from the 35th chapter of Isaiah, 5th and 6th verses: "Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing; for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert." Mr. Millikan's discourse was exceedingly appropriate and touching.

Mr. Hardy, of Lynden, Ill., husband of a cousin of the deceased, arrived at the cemetery after the interment, the Midland train being two hours behind time.

Messrs. H. Heisey, G. W. Curtis, Geo. Schoonover, and J. B. Smith were the pall bearers.—*Anomosa, Ia., Eureka.*

## Death of Good rich E. Risley.

WATERVILLE, June 4, 1895. Wednesday evening, May 29th, Goodrich E. Risley, of this place, who had many friends among the deaf, passed away after one day's illness of inflammation of the bowels. Mr. Risley was educated at the New York Institution, and married a former pupil of Fanwood, Miss Jane Simons, in 1861. His widow survives him, also two sons and one daughter—Lincoln S. and Goodrich E. Risley, of Connecticut, and Mrs. F. D. Cole, of Syracuse. Rev. Mr. Parker, of Grace Church, officiated at the funeral, which was largely attended, at his late home Saturday afternoon. Mr. Risley was strongly in favor of cremation, and his wishes were carried out, the remains being incinerated in the Waterville crematory.

## SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES.

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY, JUNE 16.

St. Ann's in the Church of St. John the Evangelist, New York, 3.30 P.M.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, 3 P.M.

Trinity Church, Newark, 3 P.M. Holy Communion.

St. Peter's Church, Port Chester, 3 P.M.

# PHILADELPHIA.

## The Happenings of a Week

## BRIEFLY CHRONICLED.

## Two Excursions to be Given—Personals.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Mr. Scheib, of Boston, Mass., was seen at All Souls' Church this afternoon. He said he rode on his bicycle from Pottsville, Pa., last Friday, to Mt. Airy, where he paid a visit to the Institution, and then he rode to this city. He will make arrangements with publishers for selling books at his home and surroundings by subscription, and then go home by Tuesday. He is a book agent on his own hook.

A grand drawing of six prizes was given in the room of Philopatrian Hall, where the L'Epee Catholic Deaf-Mute Society meets, last evening. Messrs. H. S. Stevenson and Shoemaker won the prizes, a ton of coal and a rug, respectively, while four other prizes were taken by hearing persons, among whom was Rev. Dr. Lynch.

The Sunday School of All Souls' Church for the Deaf will hold its annual excursion by Steamers "City of Chester" and "Brandywine," down the historic Delaware River to Gordon Heights, Wednesday, July 24th, from which place electric cars will take passengers to Shellport Park. Tickets for adults will be 50 cents; for children, 25 cents.

The Deaf-Mute Mutual Social Club will give its annual excursion to Woodland Beach, Saturday, July 20th. The steamer "Thomas Clyde" has been engaged for that date. The Committee are: R. Ormrod, T. Mondeau, J. Mayer, Jr., Eugene McCarty, W. Doughten, and A. J. McGahan. Mr. T. Mondeau will be the sporting-field captain, and will award about fifteen different prizes to winners in the sporting contests at the beach.

Mr. Wm. V. Doughten spends a few days in Westville, N. J., every week.

Mr. Mondeau hung a nice baseball in the clubroom, which he, by accident, found in Upland, Del. Co., Pa., last Sunday, near Mr. Tarry's house.

Mr. McGahan, an active member of America Rowing Club, was in the eight-oared shell race, and won the race on Decoration Day. He will again row in the eight-oared shell race on July 4th, at the Schuylkill River, in Fairmount Park. The other afternoon, he put a scull in the river, and came back to lock the clubhouse door; when he returned, he found the boat was floating away. He at once plunged into the river with his clothes on, and swam a long way and seized the boat and swam with it to the dock. He would have had to pay \$90, if the boat had run against the dock and been injured. Heroic!

At All Souls' Club hall, several members entertained the audience by reciting anecdotes. Mr. R. Zeigler presented two lithographic pictures representing the old school of Pennsylvania Institution, and that of Hartford Institution, with the pretty oak frames made by Wutcher, to the club, for which Mr. Zeigler was tendered a rising vote of thanks.

The Board of Managers of All Souls' Guild met last Tuesday evening for transacting business. The Board was re-organized, with the re-election of Messrs. Wm. McKinney, Martin C. Fortescue and Wm. Henry Lipsett, as church warden, accountant and secretary, respectively.

Messrs. Wm. H. Lipsett, Chairman, McKinney, Reider, and Mrs. Syle and Miss Parker, were appointed by Rev. J. M. Koehler to make arrangements for tendering a reception to Dr. and Mrs. A. L. E. Crouter, at the Parish Guild Hall of All Souls' Church, Tuesday evening, June 18th.

Richard Ormrod, of Frankford, enjoyed his first experience in riding on his bicycle from his mother's house in Frankford to Chester, Pa., a distance of 24 miles, last Saturday, where he remained till the next day. He returned by rail.

Mr. Oliver J. Whildin returned here from a visit to his wife in Lansford, Pa., yesterday, and began his duty as lay-reader at All Souls' Church this afternoon.

Mr. Wm. F. Durian went over to Mt. Airy Institution with his two children to-day. He made an application for admitting them into the school next Fall.

Mrs. Margaret Hudome, mother of Mrs. Bachmann, died on the 6th inst., and was buried at Cathedral Church yesterday morning.

Mr. Fred Buch is suffering from a swollen finger. He has been unable to work for three weeks.

THE RECORDER.  
PHILA., June 9, '95.







## The Winner of the Race.

BY SUSAN MAHR SPALDING.

I saw them start, an eager throng,  
All young and strong and fleet;  
Joy lighted up their beaming eyes,  
Hope sped their flying feet.  
And one among them so excelled  
In courage, strength, and grace,  
That all men gazed and smiled, and cried,  
"The winner of the race!"

The race was long, the way was hard,  
The golden goal gleamed far  
Above the steep and distant hill,—  
A shining pilot star.  
On, on they sped, but while some fell,  
Some faltered in their speed;  
He upon whom all eyes were fixed  
Still proudly kept the lead.

But ah, what folly! See, he stops  
To raise a fallen child,  
To place it out of danger's way  
With kiss and warning mild.  
A fainting comrade claims his care,  
Once more he turns aside;  
Then stops he strong, young steps to be  
A feeble woman's guide.

And so, wherever duty calls,  
Or sorrow or distress,  
He leaves his chosen path to aid,  
To comfort, and to bless.  
Though men may pity, blame, or scorn,  
No envious pang may swell  
The soul who yields for love the place  
It might have held so well.

The race is o'er. 'Mid shouts and cheers  
I saw the victors crowned.  
Some wore fame's laurels, some love's  
flowers,  
Some brows with gold were bound.  
But all unknown, unheeded, stood,—  
Heaven's light upon his face,—  
With empty hands and uncrowned head,  
The winner of the race.

## Short Stories Retold.

An application for an annual pass was made to Commodore Vanderbilt by the president of a road about twenty-five miles long. "Your road doesn't seem to cover a great amount of territory," suggested the Commodore to the applicant; "it isn't quite so long as the New York Central; but by gracious, Mr. Vanderbilt, it's just as wide!" The pass was issued.

A young man who fancied himself an artist bestowed a great deal of time and care on the production of a picture representing a cow grazing in a field, and showed it to a great painter in order to ascertain his opinion of its merits. The latter, after looking at it for a minute or two, handed it back to his visitor, saying: "The ship is not bad, but you have painted the sea much too green."

A short story, but very much to the point, is one told of an English clergyman. He had heard that a brother minister kept his congregation waiting and kindly remonstrated with him. "It was only ten minutes," said the offender apologetically. "How many people had you in church?" asked the reprover. "About three hundred." "Three hundred, my dear sir! Well, then, do you know, you have wasted three thousand minutes?"

When the wife of Sir Bartle Frere had to meet him at the railway station, she took with her a servant who had never seen his master.

"You must go and look for Sir Bartle," she ordered. "But," answered the nonplussed servant, "how shall I know him?" "Oh," said Lady Frere, "look for a tall gentleman helping somebody."

The description was sufficient for the quick-witted man. He went and found Sir Bartle helping an old lady out of a railway carriage, and knew him at once by the description.

Two years ago there was an outbreak of cholera France, and instructions were forwarded to the mayor of a certain village to take all necessary precautions, as the epidemic was rapidly spreading. At first our worthy magistrate did not know what to do. After a while, however, he reported that he was ready to receive the dread visitor. Upon inquiry being made, it was discovered that by his orders a sufficient number of graves had been dug in the local cemetery to bury the entire parish if required.

In 1871, when the government of M. Thiers was at Versailles, and before the National Assembly had decided whether the new constitution was to be monarchical or republican, the late Comte de Paris visited the palace at Versailles. As he was about to enter the door, M. Jules Simon met and recognized him. Bowing politely, M. Simon said: "If we are a republic, you are in my house and I shall be delighted to do the honors. If we are a monarchy, I am in yours." The count laughed, took his arm and replied: "Let us go in together."

One day a Protestant minister, Athanasius Copner, was trying to prove that the republican system was based on the gospel. "Nonsense!" exclaimed Dupin; "I have yet to learn that Christ said, 'My republic is not of this world.'" On another occasion, Victor Schulerer, having said, in the course of one of his speeches: "We enjoy the happiness of living under a republic," he was violently interrupted by the members of the Right. Astonished, the speaker turned to the president for an explanation. It came at once. "No one is questioning the fact of the republic; they are only contesting the fact of the happiness," remarked Dupin.

Sir Henry Parkes, of Australia, has lately been elaborating his

family pedigree. He is the son of a Warwickshire farmer, but he claims to be a direct descendant of Falconbridge, son of Richard Cour de Lion, and he calls his cottage in the Blue Mountains Falconbridge. Latterly the Sydney comic papers have been chaffing the ex-Premier very much on the subject and have been printing epitaphs on him in advance. Here is a verse from a newly written Olde Englyshe Ballade:

Ye King upon ye babe dide gaz,  
And passe these few remarks—  
"They royale bloode in distande days  
Shall fille ye veins of Parkes."

The late Dr. Yandel was fond of telling the following joke: A lady patient one morning greeted with him the remark, "Doctor, I had such a singular dream about you last night." "Indeed, what was it?" "Why, I dreamed that I died and went to Heaven. I knocked at the golden gate and was answered by Peter, who asked my name and address, and the recording angel to bring his book. He had considerable difficulty in finding my name, and hesitated so long over the entry, when he did find it, that I was terribly afraid something was wrong; but he suddenly looked up, and asked, 'What did you say your name was?' I told him again. 'Why, said he, 'you've no business here. You're not due these ten or fifteen years yet.' 'Well,' said I, 'Dr. Yandel said—' 'Oh, you're one of Yandel's patients, are you? That accounts for it! Come right in! I'm right in! That man's always upsetting our calculations in some way.'"

Eight years ago New York went wild over little Josef Hoffmann. He created intense excitement. He was such a little fellow that it seemed almost as though he could be carried away in the pocket of a great-coat. He was only ten years of age, but he played the piano marvelously. Commodore Gerry tried to stop his playing in public, claiming that it was injuring the boy's health. The father said: "But what am I to do? I am poor, and I am earning this money to complete little Josef's education." The Commodore then said: "Will you take him off the stage for six years if you receive money enough to support yourself, his mother, and him, and to give him the best instruction for that length of time?" The father replied that he would gladly do so, and Commodore Gerry within a week raised a sum of money sufficient to yield a yearly income of one thousand pounds. This he placed in the hands of trustees, who were bound to remit it to Mr. Hoffmann in quarterly sums for six years. The lad was brought back to Europe, became the favorite pupil of Rubinstein, and only a few weeks ago again appeared in public, justifying by his playing the highest promise of his boyhood days.

## Work and Health.

Much has been said about the evil effects of overwork and the necessity for proper periods of rest. The point has not been too strongly urged; but it must be remembered at the same time that the best health is enjoyed only by hard workers.

The athlete's arm attains its size by virtue of the greater quantity of nourishing blood attracted to it by the severe exercise which it undergoes.

The mental athlete accomplishes his extraordinary amount of brain work only after years of mental training and effort.

Rarely do the parts thus exercised fail. The neglected organ and functions are more often the cause of the "break down."

Work is essential to health. Health in its perfection is found only where both brain and body are active; and it is possible that the keenest health has been enjoyed by the hardest workers in the fields of both mental and physical labor.

Sir Walter Scott, whose work stands as a monument to his industry as well as to his genius, was, we are told, most indefatigable in his pursuit of physical exercises of all kinds, in many of which he excelled, and in which he could tire most men as easily as he could excel them in feats requiring long-sustained mental effort. Much the same thing is told of Goethe.

These men fulfilled to the utmost the advice of the adage: "Work while you work and play while you play."

Those whose enjoyment of life is largest, and whose accomplishment of work is greatest for the longest time, are those who go into their work and play in a whole-hearted fashion, or, as is often expressed, "for all they are worth." For such, health is supplied in the greatest measure.

The best health is not to be found in the indulgence of "loafing," which is neither rest nor work; it is generated rather by the alternate exercise of brain and muscle. By this means both are furnished with the fluid which gives health and life to all the tissues—the blood.

I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving.—Holmes.

## ATHLETICS.

### First Annual Field Day of the Texas School.

HELD ON FRIDAY, MAY 17.

Sanders All-Around Champion, With Mallory a Good Second.

The First Annual Field Day of the Young Athletic Club of the Texas School for the Deaf, was held at the grounds of the Institution, Austin, Texas, on the 17th of May, 1895. The Young Athletic Club was organized some time ago for the purpose of encouraging in athletic sports. The officers of this young organization are: President, A. D. Hodges; Vice-President, James P. Steely; Secretary, Tilden Smith; Sergeant-at-Arms, Rush Johnigan and Albert Mallory.

It is pleasing to say that all officers and teachers of the school entered heartily into the preparation. The new superintendent, Mr. Rose, was untiring in his efforts, so were Profs. Putnam and Rives, two athletes of old. The result of the first meet is very satisfactorily, but there were too many events—twenty-five in all. If, say, only eight or ten events were contested, it is safe to assume that better results would have been obtained from Messrs. Sanders and Mallory and the other best athletes. It is also unfortunate too, that Sanders, who won the majority of the events, had the misfortune driving a large silver into his leg just before the sports began. This prevented in all probability his lowering the best deaf-mute records.

The games began promptly at two o'clock in the afternoon. It was an ideal day for such sports. In the morning it rained, making the grounds in good condition. A large number of spectators were present to applaud the winners.

The contests were very interesting and exciting from beginning to finish. The hurdle race was hotly contested between Sanders and Mallory. Neck and neck they cleared the hurdles until near the end, when Mallory forged slightly ahead, then Sanders with a grand spurt undertook him, and crossed the line only one-quarter of a second in advance. Prizes were awarded to the winners. The events and record made is here given:—

One Hundred Yards Dash—Won by Sanders, 11 seconds; Mallory, second.

One Hundred and Twenty Yards Hurdle Race—Won by Sanders, 19 seconds; Mallory, second.

High Jump—Won by Sanders, 4 feet, 9 inches; Mallory, second.

Broad Jump—Won by Sanders, 18 feet, 1 inch; Mallory, second.

Pole Vault (Height)—Won by Sanders, 8 feet; James Richardson, second.

Throwing the Baseball—Won by Hodges, 266 feet; Wisdom, second.

Kicking Football—Won by Cooley, 127 feet; Hodges, second.

The above are given first, for the reason that these contests are up to date. The other events are as follows:—

Fifty Yards Dash (small boys)—Won by Fisher, 6½ seconds; Gibbs, second.

Standing High Jump—Won by Sanders, 3 feet 10 inches; Mallory, second.

Standing Broad Jump—Won by Sanders, 9 feet 8 inches; Mallory, second.

Running Hop, Skip and Jump—Won by Sanders, 38 feet, 3 inches; Youngkin, second.

High Kick—Won by Sanders, 7 feet, 8 inches; Yecker, second.

Putting the 16-lb. Shot—Won by Mallory, 38 feet; Sanders, second.

Backward Race (50 yards)—Won by Johnigan, 8½ seconds; Carmack, second.

Sack Race (50 yards)—Won by Vedrem, 10 seconds; Talbot, second.

Three-legged Race (50 yards)—Won by Sanders and Johnigan, 7½ seconds; Carmack and Youngkin, second.

Stilt Race (50 yards)—Won by Talbot; Morton, second—not timed.

Rabbit Race (50 yards)—Won by Johnigan, 12½ seconds; Burchardt, second.

Pig-back Race—Won by Burchardt and Thompson; Foster and Parker, second.

Nameless Race—Won by Youngkin and Wisdom; Carmack and Bowen, second.

Relay Race—Won by the Printers; Bookbinders, second.

Elephant Race—Won by Burchardt and White; Johnigan and Miller, second.

Out of the Ring—Won by Bowen; Parker, second.

Barrel Race (100 yards, blind-folded)—Won by Burchardt; Bendele, second.

Tug of War—Won by the Y. A. C.

The undersigned will be pleased to hear from other Schools for the Deaf concerning athletics. Address, care of this paper, to ANTHONY CAPELLI.

## DAY SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF.

Were it possible to have in each of our great cities a day school, modeled after the State Institution, centrally located with all the appliances and material freely supplied, as in State schools, with experienced teachers in each department, it would properly be the ideal way of educating the deaf; but as this can not be, there are many drawbacks in the day schools as now in vogue, though they are doing a good work, nevertheless, and their discontinuance cannot be recommended.

The class of pupils which compose the membership roll of the average day school, is neither better nor worse than that which attends the State Institutions. But three things are likely to govern the parents when a child is sent to such a school: ignorance of the existence of a State school for such children, with all its advantages; or, the knowledge existing, a gross selfishness that will sacrifice the good of the unfortunate child, under the plea of such great love for it that separation is unbearable; or, the retention of its services for the sake of some gain it may be able to add to the family earnings by a few hours labor, each day, when not in school.

Take these same children away from their homes and place them in an institution, and mark the transformation. While it is hardly probable they may never be classed among the clever of the Institution's pupils, the comparison they will present to their first admission to the Institution halls will be remarkable.

On the other hand there are pupils who come from homes of comfort and perhaps of wealth—intelligence, refinement, and luxuries have surrounded them. Not infrequently these children have been humored and pampered until they are the despair of their teachers and very much of terrors at home. By no means dull of intellect, yet they rebel against every attempt to arouse them to mental action. For such children the plain living, regular hours, impartiality and discipline of an Institution, are needed for their own future welfare and the peace of their families. Then there is the happy medium between these two; not so numerous as the first class nor so few as the last we have mentioned, but whose presence sustains the reputation of the school and whose willingness and success repays the teacher for all efforts made in their behalf.

There are advantages in a day school but the disadvantages outweigh them. The surroundings have been spoken of. Families who count deaf children among their members are not likely to be found collected in any particular spot in a city, and a centrally located school is difficult to find, so our day schools meet at the outset two drawbacks; the schoolrooms selected may be in too a quarter of the city to suit the fastidious notions of its wealthier patrons, or it may be in too distant a part of the city to enable the children of the poorer class to attend. Half fed, and half clad as they so frequently are, the item of car-fare is liable to be among the impossibilities with them, and they are thus cheated out of what is their right. The natural result is irregular attendance.

Irregular attendance can generally be traced to one of the following reasons: poverty, indolence, indifference, and if it is not illness or distance. Children who have been allowed the freedom of the streets and to be autocrats of their homes, what time they spent there, are usually quite well able to resist family authority when it comes to a question of attendance at school. And rather than have an unpleasant scene the family will weakly yield, and the consequences are what might be expected. The children go when they please and stay away when they please, which is quite often, in the majority of the cases.

A personal visit from the teacher to enquire into the cause of absence is not infrequently met with great astonishment and often with indignation, and the declaration that the child had been sent to school regularly. A close cross-questioning of the child will probably reveal the fact of truancy. City streets have many attractions, and that the children do not often meet with evil is remarkable to those acquainted with city life. When a child is out of school a third of the time at least, what progress can be expected? The more there may be in a school the harder it is for the teachers; any-like grading and a regular curriculum is nearly out of the question. Either the bright or the dull must suffer neglect in a measure. Where the number is small, the dif-

ference made by irregular attendance does not signify so much, but where the class averages twenty to twenty-five, it becomes a very serious matter when one stays away a week, a half dozen attend alternate days, and others remain absent a month at a time.

With ideas of punctuality and regularity so chaotic, to say the least, great things cannot be expected of the pupils in such schools from an educational standpoint, as viewed by the larger number of teachers, but there is no denying that their intercourse with the hearing tends to enlarge their vocabulary and gives them a readier grasp of colloquial language, or idiomatic English.

But that cannot be claimed for all of them; it is rather the exception than the rule that these children associate any more closely with their hearing schoolmates than those educated in an Institution do with their hearing friends. Say what you may, it is not a preventive of clannishness so called.

They miss the training in regular habits, the discipline which teaches them self-control and other means of argument than fistie. Besides the physical training which does so much for a deaf child, they miss the regular hours of school-room work; the organized efforts on their behalf; the power of mental application is nearly undeveloped and concentration of mental effort is almost unknown among them. Free access to good books is denied them: unless a book or paper contains pictures that appeal strongly to their sense of the horrible, it is likely to receive little notice from a deaf-mute reader. It may be due to the conditions of their surroundings. Everything coming to them through the sense of sight, they are more observant of the ordinary scenes of daily life than people with all their faculties, and only extraordinary illustrations seem able to arouse in them a passing interest in books or papers. Another grave loss is the moral and religious training. With the multitudinous duties pressing upon a teacher in an ordinary day school, these are apt to be overlooked in a measure, not from indifference, but the children are of all religious denominations and none at all; and what can be given to one cannot be given to another, besides it is not at all unlikely that there are as many grades in the school as there are pupils, and any person of experience will understand the colossal undertaking of a teacher where such is the case.

What with lack of material and appliances, and often of room; difficulty in grading, diversity of methods required to meet the needs of each child, and woeful loss of time on the part of the pupils by irregularity, tardiness, truancy and absence of continued duration, the life of a teacher in a day school is far from being one of either physical or mental ease.

The introduction of a strange deaf child upon the playground of a public school, would be amusing if not so often pathetic. It calls forth about the same display as is seen in a farm yard when a strange duckling is introduced to the society of the other fowls. But the novelty having once worn off things, speedily settle into their normal condition. It is rare, however, that the children make any intimate friendships with their hearing companions or participate freely in their games and pastimes.—S. C. Balis in the Educator.

## MUTILATED TITLES.

A successful bookseller should be a mind-reader. People ask for books by the queerest mutilated titles. A dealer in books says:

One of the most mutilated titles is that of "The Heavenly Twins." For instance, it is common to have it called "The Twin Angels," "The Heavenly Prodigals," "The Blue Angels," or "The Heavenly Angels."

The other day a man came in and asked for "The Travelling Hebrew." When I told him I thought he meant "The Wandering Jew," he began to laugh, and said: "Well, I was sure he was on the go, anyway!"

Not long ago a lady came in and quietly asked if we had "Two Boats Which Went by in the Dark." She was not the least abashed when I handed her "Ships That Pass in the Night."

One of the most common bulls in a book-store is that which people make when they ask for "a vest pocket edition of Webster's Unabridged," or "the Bible with both the Old and New Testaments in it."

Not long ago a young man came in and asked for "that horse book." We named over a lot of treatises on horses, but he said, "It wasn't them."

We were then compelled to confess our ignorance, when he explained, "Well, my boss didn't exactly tell me it was a horse book, but he said to ask for 'The Horse with Seven Stables.'"

We gave him "The House of the Seven Gables," with the privilege of returning it if it was not the right one. The book never came back.—Youth's Companion.

## THE TALKING DOG.

There was once a ventriloquist so poor that he was obliged to travel on foot from town to town to save expense, much after the manner of the gentleman adventurer in Grimm's tales. One day he was joined on the road by a dog—as forsaken as himself, but who seemed desirous of becoming his companion. They journeyed together to the next town and entered the tavern tired, hungry, and penniless. Not being troubled with the inconvenient refinement which comes from a long line of gentle ancestors, the man had developed the quality known as cheek; so he and the dog sat down to eat a supper for which they could not pay.

The room was full of loungers, and the stranger took a conspicuous seat. "What will you have?" asked the only waiter the place employed; and the order embraced nearly every thing on the bill of fare.

"But I want something for my dog, too," he added. "Ask him what he will have?"

The waiter muttered something about "Watcher giving us?" so the stranger said, "What, don't you like to? well, Bruno, will you have beef or fish?"

"Beef, every time," said Bruno, looking with wild brown eyes at the waiter.

"And what to drink?"

"Water, thank you," said Bruno.

By this time the landlord and everyone else in the place were eager with suppressed wonder and gathered about to hear a dog talk.

The ventriloquist feigned indifference by eating with avidity, while the landlord was evidently considering something. His cogitation resulted in his offering the stranger three hundred dollars for his wonderful talking dog.

The ventriloquist seemed to hesitate a moment, then said, abruptly, "Yes, you may have him for three hundred dollars."

When the money was paid and the ventriloquist was about to leave, he turned to the dog, patted affectionately, and said, "Good-bye, old fellow, you've been a good friend to me."

"You are no friend of mine," returned the dog, "to sell me to another master. As you were mean enough to serve me such a trick, I'll have revenge. I'll never speak another word as long as I live."

The ventriloquist then made off with all possible haste.—Harper's Young People.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is the best paper for deaf-mutes. It contains all the news about the Deaf. Now is the time to subscribe, only \$1 a year—52 weeks.

Come One!

Come All!

## FOURTH GRAND ANNUAL Afternoon and Evening Summernight Festival

of the

## Fanwood Quad Club

at the new and improved

## FORT WENDEL PARK

194 St. and Amsterdam Ave.

Saturday, June 29, 1895

Gate open at 1 P.M.

Music by Prof. Lauermann's Orchestra

TICKETS 25 CENTS EACH

The following handsome prizes will be given in the Shooting and Bowling contests:

Shooting—1st Prize, Handsome Silver Cuff Buttons. 2d Prize, 4 very beautiful Silver Collar Buttons.

Bowling—1st Prize, Magnificent pair of Cuff Buttons of Silver. 2d Prize, Beautiful set of Silver Collar Buttons.

Throwing the Baseball (for Ladies only)—Handsome prize will be given.

For the Ladies' Bowling Contest a very handsome prize will be given.

Every lady on entering the gate will be given a ticket bearing a number. The one who holds the lucky number will be given a prize.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS:

Frederick W. Meinken, Louis Morris, Frederick Knox.

## SIXTH ANNUAL EXCURSION

OF THE

## Deaf-Mutes' Union League,

TO

LAURELTON GROVE, Long Island Sound.

TUESDAY, JULY 23, 1895,

By the Iron Steamboat, "CYGNUS."

Music by Prof. H. I. Davis.

TICKETS, - - - 50 CENTS.

Children's tickets, (from 5 to 12 years) 25 cents.

BOAT LEAVES:

West 23d Street, 8:45 A.M.

Pier 1 North River, 9 A.M.

East 23d Street, 9:30 A.M.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS:

James B. Gass, Chairman.

A. C. Bachrach,

C. A. Bothner.

M. Levy.

G. M. Taggard.

M. Loew.

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